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Thrænodium Britannicum.

A
FUNERAL POEM
TO THE
MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM
Duke of Gloucester.

By the Author of The Carmen Natalitium.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ.

L O N D O N:

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A
 FUNERAL POEM
 ON THE
 Duke of Gloucester.

YE *Heav'n-Crown'd Brows*, what different Hinges move
 Our Interests Below, and Yours Above ;
 Whilst Your best Joys our Bitt'rest Tears must cost :
 You've found an ANGEL, we a GLOUCESTER lost ?

When Reverend *Royal* HEADS in Dust are laid ;
 The Tears we owe like common Debts are paid.
 Our Grievs are there an easier pangle's Woe :
 With half a Pain does the Cold Tribute flow.
 We those *Great Dead* to Rest and Peace resign :
 When the *Grave* claims her Due, we less repine.
 But when our whole *Young* HOPES are in their Bloom
 Of GLORY, snatcht to a Devouring Tomb :
 A warmer Grief waits those *Untimelier Urns*.
 The Bloodshot Eye to that sad Object turns :
 And as the scalding Torrent falls, it burns.

The *Minion* of our *Joys*, in all his *Charms*,
 Torne from our Hearts, our Souls, our Eyes, our Arms;
 Here the affrighting *King of Terrors* stands,
 With his Tyrannick Arbitrary Hands.
 O! *GLOC'STER*, at this Shaft, this killing Scene,
 Thine is the *Wound*, but *Albion's* all the *Pain*.
 Thou Sleep'st in Peace, lull'd to *Eternal Joys* :
 But Oh, the Blast our sickning Blifs destroys !
 That *Univerfal Shock* thy Fate must give ;
 In more Convulsions then thou dyest, we live.

In *GLOC'STER's* growing *Spring*, our Happy *Isle*
 Cheer'd with kind Providences warmest Smile,
 Of that Young *Atlas* of her Throne posselt,
 How was the fair *Britannia* more then Blest ?
 So much her Darling *GLOC'STER's* Charms she felt,
 Till to those heights her soaring Transports ro'd,
 She Gaz'd with *Wonder*, with *Devotion* knelt ;
 No Thanks could bend too low, to Bless the giving GOD.
 But whilst her Eyes on this *Bright Object* staid,
 The Lovely *FORME* and fairer *SOUL* survey'd ;
 She saw those *Sweets*, those Early *Beauties* shine,
 Proud Natures *Masterstroke* in every Line.
Perfections all Divine, so heap'd, so mass't,
 Oh the *Immortal Pencil* drew too Fast !
 Snatcht from our Sight, all our fond Hopes must cease ;
 The World's *Unworthy* of the FINISHT PIECE.
 Such BLESSINGS were but too profuse a Shour ;
 W' had been too Rich, and Heav'n would give no more.

But thou Young HERO, such thy *Morning* Beam,
Oh *GLOC'STER*, when on that Illustrious Theme,
Recording *Time*, all Rapture, all Delight,
Shall the *Memoirs* even of thy CRADLE Write ;
How shall he guide his shaking Pen, to tell
The frighted World how the keen *Thunder* fell ;
At whose dread *Bolt*, e'er half his *Soaring Pride*,
Drop'd from his Cedar Perch, the *Royal EAGLET* Dy'd !

Oh ne'er forgotten *GLOC'STER*, touch'd so near,
What has the Mourning *Albion World* lost here !
When Great *MARIA's* Call to her Dear Heaven,
Pride of both Worlds, by Men and Angels Lov'd,
To Bleeding *Albion* that deep Wound had given ;
Such VIRTUE to her Brighter Throne remov'd :
Who would believe there was in Fate that Blow,
Far far beyond Her Loss, that narrower Woe :
A Blow, which *Albion's* deeper Tears must melt,
More Universally Deplor'd and Felt.
Yes, *GLOC'STER*, our *summ'd Hopes* in THEE, weigh'd down
The Lighter Jems in Fair *MARIA's* Crown.
Stinted by Fate, her bounded *Glory* less,
MARY the *present* Age could only bless.
Convey'd thro' Thy *Rich VEINS*, what *Smiles of Heaven*,
To *Endless Worlds*, thy Lengthned Life had given !
But since our Undeserts have *GLOC'STER* lost,
Thy Death POSTERITIE's long Sighs must cost.
Yet *Unborn Ages* shall thy Mourners be :
Even the *Entail* of Blessings lost in Thee.

Of all the shining Roofs, the *Royal Piles*,
 Blest with that sacred NURSERY's kind Smiles;
 That now in Rueful *Blacks* their Glories hide;
 Unhappy *Windsor*, what's thy falling Pride!
 Beneath this fatal Shock thy *Genius* bows,
 Down to the Earth he bends his *Towry Brows*.
Sable and *Shade* hang thy proud Domes all o'er:
Varro, thy *Pencil-Glory* shines no more.
 Nay the Great *Albion's Guardian Saint*, that calls
 His Constellated WORTHIES to thy Walls,
 Invested there with HONOUR's Noblest JEM,
 The *Azure Circle*, and the *Orient Beam*:
 He and his *Radiant Troop* their G L O C ' S T E R wail;
 Low in the Dust their Dragging *Streamers* trail.
 Even in that *Choir*, where once all GLORY Sung,
 Where *Blazon'd Crests*, and *Glittering Trophies* hung;
 Now broken Sighs, and discord Murmurs jar:
 Their Heads all droop at G L O C ' S T E R's setting STAR.

And thou *Romantick Chief*, so far renown'd
 With thy *Poetick Laurels* round thy Head;
 For that bold Stroke the *British Champion* Crown'd,
 A *Conquer'd Dragon* and a *Rescued Maid*:
 Oh could thy great *Reviving Genius* wake,
 More darling *Miracles* to undertake!
Englands True Tutelar Saint, true *Heaven-crown'd Head*,
 Whither would thy *Immortal Glory* spread;
 The Founder of thy *Albion's Deathless Joy*,
 Could'st thou have wrestled *Heav'n*, and sav'd the BOY.

But

But are his *Funeral Rites* confin'd alone,
T' a wailing *Pallace*, and a Mourning Throne !
His Dirge must to remoter Regions found.
With *GLOC'STER's* Sable hang thy *Temples* round :
Yes, *Albion*, when this Blow so dear must cost,
The promis'd Champion of thy *ALTAR's* lost ;
The happier smiling World around thee see,
All boast their great revolving *Jubilee*.
Whilst this sad Face thy louring *Æra* bears,
Commence Thy *Century* in *Sighs* and *Tears*.

When for th' *Irreparable Loss* we grieve,
If *Infinite* Additions can receive :
In *GLOC'STER's* Fate *Death* owed our World that *Spight*,
As even to make Affliction *Exquisite*.
Death sometimes does a kind of *Pity* take,
To the Sick Bed his slow Approaches make.
The Sorrow there does with *Gradation* flow ;
Prepar'd we mourn, and hear th' *Expected* Blow.
In *GLOC'STER's* Wound he struck with that *Surprise*,
Our Ears he startled, e'er he swell'd our Eyes.

Oh 'twas but Yesterday, the *Lovely BOY*,
Hemm'd round with *Triumph*, hail'd with Songs of *Joy* ;
The Great *Lucina*, with a Train so gay,
Her *Annual Rites* we saw the *Goddeß's* pay ;
Joy, that ev'n warm'd the Spring, and cheer'd the Day.
All the whole Grove with warbling *Ecchoes* rung :
On every Bough the Feather'd Musick Sung.

All with one Rival Harmony contend ;
Loaded with *Choirs* the pendant Branches bend.

But whilst the *Philomel* thus Charm'd our Ear ;
Was the sad boding *Raven's Croak* so near ?
Stood the dire *Sisters* with their *Fatal Twine*,
The Grinning *Three* so nigh the Smiling *Nine* ?
Too rapid Fate, whilst with that Torrent speed,
The *Funeral Griefs* the *Birth-Day Joys* succeed.

We heard the Great *Inverted FIAT* call ;
From *Light* and *Joy*, swift *Woe* and *Darkness* fall,
And one Involving *Chaos* swallows all.
Alas, had some kind Interval, between
The *Smile* and *Tear*, remov'd the fatal Scene ;
Perhaps it had a little eas'd the Pain.
But Providence here made a *Studied Blow* ;
When Griefs keen Point stabs truly through and through,
'Tis fresh Remembred *Joy* makes the deep Sense of *Woe*.
Yes *Woes*, like *Shades* are but Privation all :
And 'tis the standing Height that makes the Fall.
Distress lies light at a *Borne Beggars Door* :
Who have been Rich, are only truly Poor.

Thus like the Merchant on a Flattering Sea,
Whilst in one Bark our *Albion TREASURE* lay,
All safe Below, and all serene above ;
With what full Gale our swelling *Glories* drove,
On that all Smiling Day, before so black
A rising *Tempest*, and so vast a *Wrack*.

And

And thou, *Urania*, once invok'd by me,
To the *Great Nine* the meanest Votary ;
Thou in whose Name, with bold Ambition Fir'd,
By Thee, but more by my Great THEME, inspir'd,
On that Great Day, even I presum'd to bring,
From thy *Castalian Field*, my Floury Offering.
Low at His Feet the Prostrate *Numbers* lay ;
Till *GLOC'STER*'s Generous Hand, and Smiling Ray,
Uprais'd the kneeling *Muse*. 'Thus Rais'd, thus Grac'd ;
In that High Orb the envied Favourite plac'd ;
In vain the distant Crow'd, in vain the Rest,
My Numerous Poetick Rivals preſt :
Of the whole Choir my *Muse* alone was Bleſt.
This *Honour* (Oh the Pleasure !—Oh the Pain !)
Was it no more then one Days ſhortliv'd Reign ?
Yes, my *Urania*, (ſo our Fates decree !)
That Bright Great DAY did our proud *Albion* ſee,
When Smiling *GLOC'STER* bleſt the World, and Thee.

But oh the next Dark *Morne* began to riſe,
The fatal *Cloud* that blacken'd all our Skies :
That *Cloud* (Oh Horror ! Oh th' amazing Fright !)
To our loſt *Hopes*, and ever ſetting *Light*,
Subſtantial Darkneſs ; all *Egyptian Night*.

Oh, my *Urania*, that Triumphant Day,
When nought but *Garlands* ſtrow'd his *Fragrant Way* ;
Had thy own Great *Apollinary God*,
With his whole *Delphick Spirit*, dar'd forebode,

The louring Storm, and falling Bolt so nigh ;
 That dreadful *Wrath* of their whole Angry Sky,
 Their *pouring Vials* were prepared to shed ;
 The pendant Fate o'er that dear *Royal HEAD* :
 Would'st thou have even believ'd an *Oracle*,
 Whose *Mandrake's Groan* durst that dire *Doom foretell*.
 Or when thy own Proud *Notes*, in that Great *NAME*,
 All join'd with *GLOC'STER's* ecchoing *Trumps of Fame*,
 Did th' Universal *Io Pæans* sound ;
 Whilst nought but Pleasure trod the *Hallow'd Ground* :
 Oh could'st thou think thy *Cheerful Airs* so soon,
 To *Sighs*, and *Plaints* should all their *Joys* untune.

Yes ; Thus Untun'd, let your whole *Virgin Train*,
 Now boast their long *Inspiring Fount* in vain :
Harmony's banish'd where *Distractions* reign.
 Let vain *Poetick Art* her Toil give o'er ;
 Her own *Minerva's Vulcan*, Sweat no more
 To beat out pondrous Thought to *Chime* and *Sound*,
 Make *Sweetned Accents* Dance their airy Round :
 This Stroke of Fate must *WIT* it *self* confound.
 Ill wou'd this Theme with *measur'd Notes* dispense ;
 It breaks all *Numbers*, and dissolves all *Sense*.
 Who ever join'd *Despair* and *Eloquence* ?
 Drag then your miserable *Choir* along,
 With broken *Lyres*, and an Imperfect *Song* :
 What your faint *Voices* want, your *Eyes* shall bring,
 In *GLOC'STER's* *Dirge* weep, what you cannot Sing.
 A *Greif* so just ne'er had a tend'rer *Tye* :
 The *MUSES* mourn to see the *GRACES* Die.

Thrænodium Britannicum.

I I

Nor is their Narrower Circle, their *Twin-Mount*,
And the short Banks of the *Pierian Fount*,
The *Muses World* alone, the Mourners there :
No, for Thy vaster Region of Despair,
Far as *Britannia's Sun* can Set or Rise,
Far as her *Tide* can flow, or *Glory* flies,
Thou canton'st *Provinces* for watry Eyes.

But if, when that Dear *PRIDE* of *Britain* fell,
So high the distant *Popular Tears* must swell ;
How must the Nearer *Founts of Sorrow* flow,
A *PARENT's* Greif, th' *Unutterable Woe* !
The *Royal NIOBE*, see where She stands,
With Streaming Eyes, and with Uplifted Hands ;
At this last Shaft of her dear *ALL* bereft :
Her Self alone, the *Weeping Marble*, left.

But Thou, Great *Mourner*, in Thy *Sable Shroud*,
Thou whose Bright *HEAD*, wrap'd in Thy *Watry Cloud*,
In ever showring Sorrows melts away
The long long Sleepless Night, and Cheerless Day ;
If there's a Balm for Wounds so deep as Thine,
Borrow a *Courage* from Thy *Royal Line*.
If possible, such Griefs can be allay'd,
Call those *Immortal Genii* to Thy Aid ;
Copy at once the *Living* and the *Dead*.
Nay, yet more Animating Fires t' assume,
Even in an *Infant Glass* Thy *Courage* plume ;
When Thy Wet Eyes to Thy dear *GLOC'STER* turn,
Inspir'd even by that *Darling Dust* they Mourn,

Support the fatal Blow, and Nobly Shine,
At the Young HEROE's Urn the Greater **HEROINE**.

But if nought else Thy Pious Tears can stop,
Thy drooping Cause let this last Comfort prop.
Think that this Blow to the dear **BRANCH** was given
Perhaps to make the **ROOT** more dear to Heav'n.
In all Thy Losses, all Thy Rachel Cries,
Oh draw this Glory from Thy Miseries;
Claim from this Transient Providential Frown
Eternal Smiles: The Cross must win the Crown.
Suff'rings and Tears sometimes the Darlings prove:
Those Pearls below enrich the Wreaths above.

But though, nor Tears nor Prayers, can **GLOC'STER** save,
No Plea to bar th' Inexorable Grave.
What though *Britannia* now must ne'er behold
That Dear Succession to her Circling **GOLD**;
Oh Thou Great **HEIR** to a Sublimer **THRONE**,
We want that Brow for Crowns; that Brow wants none.
Already waits Thy **CORONATION** Train,
All the bright Miriads on yon Shining Plain,
The Cavalcade to Thy *Eternal* Reign.

F I N I S.

